



*Make it Make Sense*

A COLLECTION OF POETRY  
AND THOUGHTS

JONAH SANDERS

# Make It Make Sense A Collection Of Poetry And Thoughts

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## Outside My Project Windows

As I move the dingy blind to look outside  
The sun it shines but the day still seems foggy  
I crack the window to let in the air of February Are all the days so  
driery and sad?  
The smells of liquor, weed and pain full my nose in my world you  
have to have keen senses  
Honking of horns, rap music blasting, children crying... A sound of  
unorganized noise in an unorganized world The elections coming up!  
The Democratic nominee says!!  
What they always say and still no difference Young boys seperating  
from seperation  
while young girls are apealed by this separation Mothers selling  
their souls for a fix...  
the illusion beats the reality this world presents I'd rather look outside  
my project window than at my own situation pissed



## Glass Bottle

Its been a while since we actually had a chance to talk I often think  
back to when you were my backbone Your smile radiated love and  
kindness

When people called you out of your name You shunned the nonsense  
leaving them silent Afro puffs, braids like Sallie Mae

I remember those days even if you don't

Other women were intimidated by your modesty

But now it seems as if you're half nude on every other magazine Wake  
up from the nightmare that you're in

Please to back to how you were in the beginning I love you and pray  
that this bottle finds you

... My sister



## A Moment of Reflection

The equation of life is perplexed  
For the formula is unknown to many Religion tries to define the way  
But with the new age of time the avenue seems void Not an agnostic  
Somewhat...sort of...maybe...  
I ponder the quiz that God has placed For the answer just isn't in your face  
There are signs in creation  
The mountains, seas, even the bees... I can't question God existence  
But what is mine?  
Biting my nails I continue to define my purpose  
I know that I couldn't of been created to be worthless A passing of the wind  
So as I begin to comprehend this mystery I realize that the answer is within  
me  
My life can be whatever I want it to be



# Heather

Distorted memories

Feelings of sadness and pain A splash of happiness

You were confused all the same The most fascinating person That I didn't know

Well...we met a few

Thinking of you now has my well loose Love of a mother

Relationship of a stranger Abused and misused

I wonder if anyone actually knew her? Odd to proclaim

But since she's passed

It seems as if I know her more Odd isn't it?

For all that she did and didn't do

I can't neglect the fact that I love you Shortcomings or not

She was and always will be my mother



## Signs for the chosen

The drunk who staggers the streets Bars packed not a seat  
Even on Sunday dinners  
Some pass a drink before the meat  
The woman whose face is painted Her voice heard far and wide  
If you answer you're surely foolish For with her you'll certainly die  
The child who refuses guidance Have the parents lost their rights? So much sorrow the  
bastard brings  
Did not God mention those things? Buying the latest fashion  
You wonder how did you get this passion Turning back on the TV  
How much is all your asking? Godly women look for husbands  
The women are hundred to thousands They see that men are near  
But when they approach they run in fear Fear that binds the soul  
Violence rules more that ever was told As paranoia traps the mind  
We ponder if people were ever kind As capitalism rules in the west  
We also see the sun rise as well Only a few will see God's signs Woe to this  
who are blind





## The New Trinity

Yes I'm your father

The alpha the omega And I'll allow you to post

And make sure that its limited and be mindful of others who are viewing For if you don't that will be a sin

Then I'll have to restrict you from sharing a photo shopped picture again

Then if you do it again I'll place you in jail for 30 days

But I understand that without me you won't making it in your days

So I'll still allow you to watch plenty nonsense and fake news to build up your hate

As the father says...

We are similar but a little different For I'm graceful and joyful

I require less words of forgiveness for prayers Just let me see every moment of your life

That new cat you adopted from Market Street Ummm...let me see him

The used car that you purchased with money that you borrowed You know the one with the rims even though that's been out of style But since you're just getting a chance to present your illusion and lies Allow me and your other brothers and sisters in to see them

For your prayer will be answered with a heart to let you know that all is good

Don't fret for I'm the holy spirit Yes I'm always with you

Never forsake you I'll never turn my back on

When you need me just leave some character you character What is it that you wish to follow?

Politics, Sports or News?

Forgive me for fellow believers who have been given more attention



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But to feel appreciated I'll give you a retweet Now others will see how you  
are a follower  
Fly with the others and let me know what you ate today Hell what about the  
toilet tissue you bought?  
Or the time when I had to go over the security of your worship? Remember  
that prayer that was questionable that you since the deleted Well I didn't for  
I've kept it in the cloud  
For this trinity is always watching so stay logged in



## Convict

Not conviction you say Possibly redemption I may Chains broken  
today  
Or was it yesterday? To and fro you go  
Chained if you didn't know While I'm chained in steel  
You're chained mentally and emotionally So who's really enslaved?  
Who's really free? Break the chains...

## Public reprimand

In your vision I am  
This image of malice and confusion  
The depiction of vulgarity and deception ( the mans a criminal! )  
( you can't trust him! )  
The public speaks on a belief that opinionated Maybe their right  
maybe their wrong  
For I'm transparent and my image is blotted ( you dug your own  
grave )  
( you deserve what you got )  
I ponder this while I blow our frustration My mind foes back to the  
past  
Back to those irrational decisions ( you're nothing )  
( you're a failure )  
I've heard that so many times that I've actually believed it So many  
obstacles and road blocks  
Why so much judging? ( just kill him! )  
( kill him now )  
Have not some of you slipped and stumbled? Have not all all you  
sinned?  
Are you blaming me for everything wrong? ( what? )  
( what is he saying? )  
May I ask for you to look into the mirror  
Look into your won soul and exercise your own demons ( he's become  
public )  
( he's not to speak )



## The cycle

" These are some nightly fine niggers you have here. Its just incredible to be able to find such creatures as these. Strong as an ox but dumb as a cow", the farmer stated to the slave auctioner.

" That's a good brother I tell you. I declare that if we as a people follow his exam- ple, we can stop this oppression that's been placed on us. All we need to do is unite. It will take some discipline, it won't be easy but we can do it", the young brother stated to the growing crowd.

" Nigga say something. Say one word and I'll kill yo black ass", the young black gunmen said to the older black man.

I used to know her

Confidence when she starred in your eyes Red. Yellow. Brown. Black.  
She was proud to be one of the 16 shades Modest and dress to cover  
up her virtue

Self respect was the aura that she once knew Firm in word and action  
Love, respect and loyalty was all she was asking But time changed her  
ways

No she walks in a daze... Lost

Injections that changed her form so that she's animated Make up so  
that she's made up of nonsense

I wonder if the chemicals have damaged her brain To the point that  
she's lost her identity

Could I still call her a Queen when she's transformed From a woman  
to a bitch?

But I must give her the up most respect Because I used to know her



## The Melody of Blue

The soft sounds of the saxophone  
Mellow to the point that it vibrates on your spine  
The drum with its beat  
Matches the rhythm of a lover's  
Birds with their chirping and songs  
Wishing to attract their mate  
Jealous of their joy  
Maybe I'll find love one of these days  
As the wind blows  
The dawn reveals a chance a love  
The sound of the saxophone  
changes  
Now thoughts come to my brain  
Will I ever find love?  
Will I be alone forever?  
The violin resonates the drama of the situation  
The flute presents that  
this is a timeless situation  
Something so simple...  
It reminds me of the keys of the piano  
Keys that many forget are  
actually strings  
Such complexities  
I don't know your tune  
But I wonder how long will be blue

## Time

Is that which no one can ever truly or completely possess  
Time is that what makes a person realize their worth and never settle  
for less  
That once gone you can never bring back  
Could never be a friend to procrastination which is why those who  
appreciate its value  
Do so without hesitation  
Is what determines whether there's a change or do things remain the  
same  
Can become an enemy to those who don't use it wisely  
Time is that which truly brings forth what's inside of me  
Is the foundation from which my dreams sprout  
It is that which I use to bring my greatness out  
So in time I will conquer and uproot any and all seeds of doubt



## What Matters Most

Is not what others think about you but what you think of yourself  
Is the wisdom, knowledge and understanding that I'm blessed to have  
been here to receive  
Is not the fact that at some point I may have lost, but the truth that  
was gained from that particular struggle  
To me at present are not the same as those things in the past  
To me each day is that I can now view my life from an entirely new  
perspective What matters most to me above all is that I'm blessed  
enough to finally appreciate the gift that I was given Life

## Smears on the mirror

Malcolm type of mind By any means  
X out the ignorance  
Success is only given to the ones that are diligent Depression has my  
mind miles away  
Struck in a bitch's brew Brotherly love stops oppression But if you're  
oppressing  
What's the remedy?  
Black on black crimes leaves a black chalk line Are you just deaf, dumb  
and blind?  
Grandmothers sip on liquor as they listen to sermons Shots fired hit a  
young boy playing  
To be direct  
I'm just saying what I'm saying Because before I found myself I was a  
nigga too  
Ignorance is the problem Correct me if this isn't true



## Reflections of the forgotten

The child that was aborted before it could smile at his or her mother  
Enslaved men and women who jumped from boats in the name of  
freedom Young girls developed quick due to steroids in their food  
Its odd how what they usually go through doesn't make the news  
Adolescent boys searching for lessons from men who aren't their  
fathers Many of whom become color blind to only know blue, black, or  
red True some of them make it  
But what about the ones who died in drivebys while thinking of  
change The stick up kid who did what he did just to live  
Not thinking of the consequences just the rumble in his stomach The  
cries of his new born child  
Or look of pain in his mothers eyes Its as if time passed away  
Once he received thoses twenty years The grandmother's and fathers  
Who stood for the cause  
The same that look around now and question the cause I reflect on the  
things forgotten  
Because one day I'll be forgotten too



## Ignorance is bliss

Look at her

Look how fat she is

All she does is eat, eat, and eat I hate fat people

Look at him

Look at how dark he is

All he does is dance, dance, and dance I hate black people

Look at her

Look at how stupid she is

All she does is stare at the words on the page I hate stupid people

Look at him

Look at how pale he is

All he does is fish, fish, and fish I hate white people

Look at her

Look at how short she is

All she does is look up to people I hate short people

Look at him

Look at him with his slant eyes All he wants to do is study

I hate Asian people Excuse me!

Excuse me! Question?

I have a question Why hate someone? Why not love them?





## **This mountain I climb**

No harness shall I wear Opposition shall I steer Only one chance to succeed  
So I must believe in myself

The preparation was strenuous Many tools were needed  
But first the belief that one can actually climb this mountain Second the  
confidence to push forward

Taking the first steps to this climb

The it wind blows from the heavens to state that I'm not alone Its funny how  
an ignorant man would believe it disruptive Oh how foolish many are

Pure silence so unnerving Just me and this climb I make

This climb in which many didn't believe I would take Funny how I proved  
them wrong

Getting on slowly One inch on foot

Exact measurements are essential so one doesn't slips You definitely don't  
want to slip

Keeping in mind not to look down I wipe away all hate and envy

All past feelings that are adverse to my success Keeping pushing I tell myself

As I make it to the top of this mountain My chest swells with pride

My ego goes to my head Then the wind blows

Looking around I see many more mountains in the horizon Is this a challenge  
?

Do you believe is is the only mountain I can climb?

Smiling I make my way back down determined to climb all of them



# I love you but I don't when know you

Funny thing is I love you  
I honestly do Odd thing is  
I don't even know you Not one bit at all Separated as youth  
If you didn't know Then I even loved you Did you love me?  
Daydreaming  
I often pictured your face Did we look familiar?  
Would I know if I saw you again? Then when we first met  
Well sort of  
Emotions clashed like Titans My love became hate Confusion became pain  
Now we've met again  
Well sort of  
My mind is still made though  
I love you, but don't even know you

## Blackface

Looking on the stage  
A white man in blackface walks on stage Poking out his lips  
He smiles broadly Waving his hands  
He jumps up and down wishing for attention Music begins to play  
Upbeat jazz it was  
He stops and puts his hands on his hips Then begins juking and jiving  
Of course his rhythm is off  
But he continues until he slips and falls Wide eyed  
He looks at the audience and smile Seeing that he has everyones attention He  
pokes out his lips again  
The act continues Then I reflect  
Is this how white people see me?



## Most times

I enjoy the solitude of peace  
It is these moments when I realize the Lords blessings will never cease  
I wonder of my purpose for living but then I witness the joy that comes from  
simply living  
We waste energy over the things we can't control never giving thought to  
the scars that this leaves on the soul  
Inspiration can come from the most unlikely places so I feel blessed to be on  
the receiving end and would never trade places  
We visit grief upon this we proclaim to love the most, so I ask my Lord to  
please forgive me and remain my host  
I finds solace in simply being alone  
It has been moments such as these I found the strength to carry on  
I realize I will stumble each day but to my Lord I pray that he will continue  
to shine his light upon me every step of the way

## Invisible to myself

The star that's shoots by Snowflakes melted The sun when it yawns  
Can't forget the wind when it blows With no one present to witness  
Are they invisible too?  
This mirror in which I try to find my reflection Must be playing tricks on me  
I see everything else but myself  
How is is that everyone sees me but me? Hours turn into days  
Days into months Months into year  
Funny how time disappeared Its as it I've never existed Time that's invisible  
to itself  
I wonder how long this will be For I wish to see my true self

